Confusing isn't it...

This information provided by: First Congregational Church of Fruitport 3212 E. Pontaluna Rd. Church & Sunday School at 10:30 AM

Clothes Encounters
"of the used kind" established 1988

NOW REOPENED

- Non-profit organization
- We accept clothes, clean appliances & toys
- Community Center available for rent 865-3419.
- Drop kids off at 10:15-10:30 & Pick up angels at 12:00

A time to reflect
By Al Schneider

I was deeply moved. During a recent PBS television program featuring elders, there was Kate Smith singing “God Bless America.” It’s been a long time since I saw her do it, and it was breathtaking. I think, many years ago, we kids sang that in the country school where I attended. That was before God was booted out of our schools. Kids can’t get a song anymore.

In that same schoolhouse we staged a Christmas program each year and called it that. We sang Christian songs, performed skits, and flushed the audience with “Happy Christmas.”

Christmas is a wonderful time of year, and we, in our own way, tried to express that. That was then.

God, who loves children, is no longer permitted to mingle with them inside the schoolroom. He’s an outlaw.

Exit God; enter Darwin, Dewey, druids and demons.

God has become somewhat of a stranger in our society as well. In one of the recent political conventions, His name was scrubbed from the party platform, only to be reinstated by an unconvincing voice vote. Yet, strangely, speeches delivered at both conventions would typically end with the roasting “God Bless America.”

Did we, with all uncertainty about having Him hanging around, then we want Him to bless. Do we take Him for a nincompoop? Uncertain about having Him hanging around, then we end with a rousing “God Bless America.” First, we’re reinstated by an unconvincing voice vote. Yet, strangely, the reason for which He was peerless.

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